A metricall declaration of the .vij. petitions of the pater noster.

Luce. xi.
when ye pray, saye. Our father whiche arte in heuen. &c.

Though I be wyllynge and feruent of desyre
yet for vnkonnynge I dare not me auaunce
Of ꝑ heuely misteryes though ye wold requyre
Of the pater noster to declare in substaunce
Recordyd in scrypture/ yf ye call to remembraunce
This prayer exciteth cryste hartes w̄ deuout maters
Onely in chryst Jesu to fynde all suffysaunce
As therin is taught by the. vii. prayers

¶ Groundely and dyrekely also comprehendyd
whyle he was here/of trouth it is thus falle
Taught his dyscyples/ which may not be amendyd
For it transcendeth other prayers all
Most auctorysed/whan we for socour call
Most celestyall and most of dygnite
Crouned amonge prayers in the heuenly stall
yf it̄be sayd in perfyt cheryte

¶ I haue no mouth/playnly to deuyse
Fyrst to remembre/ the great dygnyte
Ferefull to take/on me so hygh enterprise
Moste celestiall/most aungelyk of degre
For to the hygh myghty trinyte
It is dyrecte/lorde of most puissaunce
whiche called is/one two and thre
All one in vertue/and all one in substaunce

¶ This worde pater sheweth in substaunce
His myght is most greatest of excellence
Of heuen and erth/hath all the ordynaunce
Called welle of grace/myrour of sapyence

whiche to his chyldren/of fatherly prouydence
Hath gyue a fraunchyse/aboue fraunchyses all
That we may boldly/with deuout reuerence
Agayne all myschyefe/to hym for helpe call

¶ Fyrst this worde Pater/set vs in assuraunce
And this worde/noster/ gyueth vs humblenesse
Of hym to requyre with deuout obeysaunce
Remedy/agayne all worldly dystresse
So that charyte with her custer mekenesse
Fayth/ trust/and hope/be with them present
Then whan we praye/and saye of faythfulnesse
Pater noster/ we shall haue our entent

¶ In this worde Pater standeth all our confidence
Our hole beleue/whan we say Qui es
Our stedfast fayth/and fully our credence
In heuen abydynge/as souerayne lorde of peas
where thre tetrachyes/day and nyght not ses
To crye in celis/ with heuenly melodye
Cherubyn nor seraphyn/ not slouth nor reckles
Synge Osanna/ with feruent armonye.

¶ whose glorious name/for to magnyfye
Mouth and tonge/ be lame of theyr langage
But the holy goste/by grace lyst vs to gyue
Vs to ensprye/in our mortall passage
As goostly chyldren/borne of hye lynage
Neuer to thyne hyghnesse/be no mortall offence
In this dredfull perylous pylgrymage
Tyll clere contrycion/ our gyltes recompence

¶We were renewed/full nye to thyne alye
By the holy goſtes/gracyous influence
Fyrſt by baptyme/to begynne at that partye
Next confermed/by thy magnyfycence
To ben acceptyd/to thy beniuolence
As choſe chylderne to thyne herytage
That we may ſaye/with deuout reuerence
Lorde haue mercy/on all our olde outrage

¶Theſe.vii.petycions/be of vertue moſt
Onely to god/of hole harte applyed
To the.vii. vertues/of the holy goſt
Fyrſt whan we ſaye/this name be ſanctifyed
Name of all names/halowed and glorifyed
As the goſpell playnly doth commaunde
But here my ſympleneſſe/with Argus not clere eyed
Meue this queſtyon/aſkynge this demaunde

¶How myght in vs be kynled ſuche deſyre
Boldly to ſaye/conceyued our feblyneſſe
Though charyte brent in vs as flame of fyre
Lyke as in Seraphyn/brenneth all perfytneſſe
I anſwere thus /a ground take of mekeneſſe
Vertue of vertues/ doctours ſaye the ſame
Under ſupport/ of his paternall goodneſſe
To ſay or thynke/halowed be thy name

¶without addicyon to ſette our harte at reſte
That therwithall we haue this ſentence
For our party /to conclude for our beſte
In our inwarde/goſtly intelygence

Fyrst that his name/name of moste excellence
within hym selfe/euery houre and space
Be sanctifyed so/that by his prouidence
It maye in vs/ be sanctifyed by his grace.
Adueniat regnum tuum.

¶ Thy kyngdome lorde illumined with thy face
where is full gladnes/of all goostly lyght
May come to vs at the tyme set and space
whan thou assygnest/by thyne eternall myght
Of thy presence/that we maye haue a syght
O gracyous lorde/our tyme, so proupde
Claymed with mekenesse/of mercy more than ryght
Be mene of thy passyon/ that we may there abyde

¶ Thy kyngdome lorde fyrst in this present lyfe
Come to vs/to rewle vs and gouerne
Agayne the assawtes/and the treble stryfe
Of our thre ennemyes/lorde holde so the lanterne
By thy grace whiche that is eterne
Reygne so in vs/of reason holde so our bydell
Betwene good and euyll/we may so dyscerne
Agayne thy pleasure/ to do nothynge in idell

¶ Lorde by thy mercy/reygne in vs so here
Of all vyces/that we maye haue victory
To clayme a tytle/aboue the sterrys clere
Thy passyon chefe/ set fyrst in memory
with the to reygne/ in thyne eternall glory
Asked by bylle wrytte/ with thy precyous blood
Sheed from thy body for our carefull mysery
On hygh vppon the mount/at caluary on the rood

Fiat voluntas tua.

¶ So as thy wyll fulfylled is in heuen
Ryght so in erth/fulfylled mout it be
Lyke as the court/ aboue the sterres seuen
Of orders nyne/ and ierarchyes thre
Syngynge sanctus/thryes before the trinyte
So make vs lorde/with deuout obseruaunce
Daye and nyght/knelynge on our kne
Thy deth thy passyon to haue in remembraunce

¶ Fyrst thy preceptes/and ten comaũdementes
We may fulfylle bytwene hope and drede
And forsake with all our hole ententes
All that sholde dyspleasе the in dede
Syth to a pyller/thou lyst for vs to b'ede
Therwith to do/all that thou lyste cõmaunde
Suffre thy mercy/so vppon vs sprede
Part to receyue/that thou gafe at thy maunde

To thy dyscyples for a memoryall
For a perpetuall cõmemoracyon
Of thy fleshe and thy blood/take in especyall
Of a pure mayde/thyne incarnacyon
Thy meke sufferaunce/ for our redempcyon
With minde also/ thou lyst for vs be ded
That we may clayme for our saluacyon
Receyue thy body amonge in fourme of bred

Panem nostrũ quotidianũ da nobis hodie

¶ That we dare say with all humilyte
Under the wenges of thy proteccyon
Panem nostrum da nobis hodie
Knoden afore Pilat/baken in thy passyon

Our dayly brede our restauracyon
Our fode our manna/agayne fendes violence
Stronge with helpas/ bydle maketh mencyon
To mount Oreb/ to haue there residence

¶ This brede of lyfe gyueth vs force & mygh̄t
Agayne goostly enemyes/ when they wolde assayle
Helthe of the soule oure body stronge in fyght
With spyrites infernall/ to holde a bat ayle
Sathan abydeth not for all his apparayle
Where this brede is sacred with chrystes mouth
Clenly receyued/the fende may not auayle
So great vertue/this brede hath east and south

¶ This brede of aungels/brede celestyall
Brede that excellyth/reason and nature
Callyd brede of lyfe/ and repast eternall
Gyueth lyfe euer lastynge/and euer shall endure
Most cōmendyd by prophetes in scrypture
Bothe to soule and body/brede of most comfort
Folke in sykenesse/this bred doth them recure
To poore pylgrymmes restoratyfe and suppost

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra &c.

¶ In this peticion o lorde do vs socourre
First consyderynge/ our fragilitye
Forgyue our dettes/as we forgyue oure
Aboue all thynge/to loue and drede the
Next our neyghbour/in perfyt cherite
First deme my selfe/worst of any man
Voyde of presumpcyon/ bowynge done my kne
And to remembre vppon the publycan

A.iiii.

Durst not lyfte his eyen/ vp vnto heuen
To loke vp ferefull/on the ſonne ſtreme
And I am ſoyled with the ſynnes ſeuen
That in myne eyen/can not ſe a large beme
Though it ſpredde/all abrode this reame
yet can I ſe well motys in other mennes ſyght
A ſmall ſparke/ that caſtyth out no beme
Blent in fautys /though torches were clere lyght

This to ſaye I can be well vengeable
when my neyghbour/ doth a ſmall treſpace
Though I be gylty/ and horryble coulpable
Can fynde wayes/lyghtly for to paſſe
And agaynſt my brother/great gyltes compaſſe
My ſelfe alſo excuſe /and put on hym the wrake
with lyke fals aſſemblaunt/ ſhew out a fayre face
As in my ſelfe there founde were no lacke

¶And to conclude who wyll no mercy haue
At his moſt nede he ſhall go mercyles
And who is beſy his neyghbour to deprave
By fals report/eſcapeth not harmeles
Mourder at the back/and language reckles
Inpocryſye/fraude/ compaſſyth guyle
Symulacyon and flatry put in preſſe
This ſort wyll out though they dure a whyle

¶But yf thou ſtonde in perfyt cherytie
To loue thy frende/ and alſo thyn enemye
without faynynge/or duplycyte
That there be no faute couertly

To shewe one outwarde/ and another inwardly
In such wyse/ thy prayer is not good
I dare affyrme/and wryte trewly
God louyd neuer/two faces in one hood
Et ne nos inducas in temptacionē
¶ O lorde Jesu of mercyfull pyte
Under the banner of thy passyon
Agayne our dedly/dredfull foys thre
Suffer vs to falle/in no temptacyon
The fleshe the feende/by fals collusyon
The olde serpent/with many thousande treyne
without blood/shad for our redempcyon
we may in charyte/ not well this prayer saye

¶ It is remembred/ of Mathees the gospell
Of a seruaunt/as made is mencyon
Bycause his lorde/was agayne hym fell
He was feteryd and sygned to pryson
In sygne/who wyll do no remyssyon
At suche a streygth/his seruaunt for to saue
Dimitte nobis/put from this orison
who doth no mercy/ he shall no mercy haue
Sed libera nos a malo.
¶ Of thy benygne/mercyfull pyte
Lorde in this perilous/ dredfull pylgrymage
Saue vs from daunger/and all aduersyte
And vs delyuer/from all foreyn damage
From peryll passed/without present passage
Future swalowyng of fortunes floodes
Dredfull carybdys/ syrenes mortall rage
And transmutacyon/of all worldly goodes.

¶ Pater noster this prayer vertuous
yf it be sayd/with dew reuerence
Of all prayers is most victorious
Agayne our thre enemyes/ to stonde at dyffence
So that Maria lyst shewe her presence
And feruent charyte/be captayne of the felde
Fy on all infernall violence
So christes passyon/be portrayed in our shelde

¶ Lyke a glenare vppon a large londe
Amonge shokkes plentuous of auctours
Though I were besy/ to gader with my honde
Lyke myne desyre to haue founde out some flours
The grene was ropen/russet were the colours
I fonde no suger/ in my small liberary
Soil dryed vp/ of Tullius syluer shours
Ferefull and dull/there longer for to tarry

¶ In this processe any more to saye
Good wyll abode in my inwarde entent
The aureate lycour was in my study dreye
Of callyope/ and all her fauour spent
Founde there no causes/but scrowles all to rent
Nothynge cllumyned/ with golde asure nor red
whiche shalbe ioyned/with my testament
Layde on my brest/ the houre whan I shall be ded

¶ Though I was dull/in my deuocyons
Duryng my lyfe/with cordyall reuerence
Dayly to saye/these. vii.peticyons
Herte and mouth accordynge in sentence

With circumstaunces/ of intellygence
To please the lorde/ with hole affeccyon
Veyne thoughtes/ voyde slouth and negligence
Wor than a thousand without deuocyon

¶ Lenuoy.

¶ To all my maysters knelynge on my kne
That shall rede this compylacyon
I praye them meekely/ of theyr benygnyte
Fyrste dewly done/ examynacyon
And folowynge after iuste correccyon
whan they haue leysoure and couenable space
That I maye fynde supportacyon
By godly fauour/ to correcte of theyr grace.

¶ Man lyfte vp thy harte/ to the father in heuen
And praye vnto hym/ whiche is eternall
That sytteth so farre/ aboue ther sterres seuen
In his palays most imperyall
To graunte vs grace here in this lyfe mortall
Contricyon of synne/ afore our departynge
And or we passe/ remyssyon finall
Towarde that lyfe/ where ioye is euerlastynge.
Amen.

In principio creauit deus celum et terram